THE New Republic

Sputniks And

The Budget

An Editorial

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The Arkansas Toreador

Faubus has slain the bull, all right, but there are always more waiting behind the barrier

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Washington Wire

The Space Age

WE GOT OUR NEWS of the Soviet earth satellite courtesy of Pepto-Bismol. Atuned to the new Space Age we kept our radio on with feelings as mixed as the programs. Brrp-brrp-brrp went the basketball-sized beep-bug hurtling through space, flashing round the globe in one hour, 36 minutes and two seconds (as somebody calculated). We heard the excitement in the broadcasting stations, the astonishment of American scientists and the greater awe of the purveyor of Pepto-Bismol — "gentle massaging action in the lower digestive tracts. . . ."

President Eisenhower took the historic Communist triumph calmly at his Gettysburg farm and played golf as usual. There was a note of cool reserve. Mr. Eisenhower appeared prepared to treat the satellite as though it were Adlai Stevenson. No, said Jim Hagerty, the US will *not* speed up its efforts. The US program, he said, "is geared to the International Geophysical Year." It sounded as though the Russians had been rather unsporting about the IGY in some obscure way. Winston tastes good like a cigarette should, said the new sponsor.

Another word from Jim Hagerty: "It does not come as a surprise." (The Hungarian revolt found key American ambassadors absent from their posts but Central Intelligence Agency head Allen Dulles said, "It did not come as a surprise." When the Soviet jet transport recently swooped into Washington, officials explained reassuringly, "It did not come as a surprise.") Pepto-Bismol for relief of upset stomachs.

Well, the Space Age began October 4, 1957. We confess it rather frightens us for we are not as young as we were, but the children take it lightly. They are way past basketball-sized rockets; they are out on inter-stellar space ships already. "Why didn't we beat the Russians to it, Pop?" they ask idly. Yes, why?

Perhaps it is because the United States never lost a war. Perhaps it is because we have Pepto-Bismol. Americans cannot believe that they do not have a corner on technological knowledge. The thing to do is to take it easy, trust Ike and cut taxes!

Air Force Research Secretary Trevor Gardner resigned in February, 1956, charging the Soviet was beating us in intercontinental missiles. Result? Committees were set up.

Eisenhower pooh-poohed Stevenson's election charges that we are losing the peaceful atomic-power race. But England actually has such a commercial project operating; we don't.

The Soviet lead time (drawing board-to-finished project) was about five years on their Bison (intercontinental jet bomber); it took us about eight years to produce our B-52.

And now the little beep-bug, whizzing around the globe. "Where's my mashie?" says the President. "It did not come as a surprise," says Hagerty. "Tastes as good as the syrup put on ice cream," says Super Anahist Cough Syrup.

1960 Ahead

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG to record the fact that Senator Knowland has finally announced he's running for governor of California (as stepping stone to higher things) and that the 1960 Presidential race has begun. It's begun three years earlier than usual. This is because the 22nd Amendment makes it impossible for Eisenhower to carry through the coy but effective secrecy routine of every past second-term President of not saying whether he will run again. Truman didn't make his withdrawal announcement, you remember, till the last minute. Eisenhower has no choice.

The 22nd Amendment was ratified by a majority of state legislatures whose immemorial jealousy of the governor found itself translated into the national sphere. About half of the governors now have their power bobbed and their own terms limited. Once the GOP Congress had kicked off, the state legislatures loved the idea of curbing a bigger executive. In Washington the Congressional-White House battle began with the Constitution. The executive power has slowly grown over the years at the expense of Congress, but the 22nd Amendment is a shrewd blow on the other side. Its full effect won't be seen till we get a strong President (unlike Eisenhower) cut down by it in his second term. It has been argued that Eisenhower still has party control by his ability to indorse or reject a GOP nominee in 1960, but this is becoming absurd.

Wheat Upon the Waters

THE US-CANADIAN cabinet trade discussions here this week have this background. To aid farmers the US artificially bolsters the wheat price (at the expense of consumers) and pays billions to build a huge surplus which it dumps on world markets. This undercuts Canada's own wheat market (with a surplus far exceeding ours, in relation to annual crop). This, and the ancient American attitude of taking Canada (our biggest export and import market) condescendingly for granted, has built up frictions—deeper than people realized. Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker hadn't the slightest idea he was going to win the recent election and made carefree promises of retaliation against the US with which he is now stuck. One of these was to divert 15 percent of Canada's trade with the US to Britain. The British Conservatives have just tried to cash in on the proposal with a plan for UK-Canadian free trade —from which Diefenbaker has recoiled with distaste. (It would mean flooding Canada's industries with UK cheap-labor products.) But the Canadians are good and sore at the US just the same and feel they have a grievance (which they have). Also Diefenbaker has got to deliver on some of those campaign promises. There are other irritations involved besides wheat, but that is a sample. Diefenbaker isn't down here on this trip, but he will be on hand October 21 along with the Queen. Some important quiet talks may come then.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

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Correspondence

► ***Russia Revisited***

SIRS:

I ENJOYED Robert Tucker's review of my new book, *Russia Revisited*, in your issue of September 2. (I just read it because I was abroad when it appeared.) His analysis is fair. But his attempt at psychological analysis of the author is all awry. When he, in commenting on my statement that "Almost the worst thing I discovered in the Soviet Union was that life had become boring," says this is subjective — in other words, I am bored—he's got me all wrong. I am an enthusiast. I cannot remember ever having been bored in my work or life. I was not bored for one moment in the Soviet Union. In fact, the whole stay was exciting and fascinating. When I wrote that Soviet life had become boring I merely summarized what Soviet citizens had told me in their own homes. The newspapers are dead, the theatre dull, literature, in its bulk, humdrum, political activity a routine.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Sputniks and Budgets

THE Soviet shooting of a satellite into outer space—an event roughly corresponding in its importance in human history to the discovery by Columbus of America—is proof of the fact that the Soviet Union has gained a commanding lead in certain vital sectors of the race for world scientific and technological supremacy.

Why did we lose the race to launch the first artificial moon in space? And what advantage will this give the Russians in the future?

Although the official White House reaction has been to minimize the importance of the launching and express satisfaction with US progress toward placing a moon of our own in the sky, unofficially there are many within the Administration who agree with the executive who blurted out to a reporter that "My reaction is to strangle Percy Brundage," director of the Budget Bureau.

Although the Russian success may inadvertently be a blessing insofar as it fosters a more realistic appreciation by the American people (and others) of our national fallibility, the reasons we are running a poor second in missile development are largely fiscal. Our whole missile program has been slowed down and cut back to stay within the arbitrary ceilings on defense spending set by the Budget Bureau and the Treasury. *Aviation Week* in its current issue reports that the vital anti-missile program planned as our defense against the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile the Soviet Union claims to have tested is now "lagging far behind schedule" because of a shortage of funds resulting from "a lack of high official interest." "As for the US satellite program," the *New York Times* concluded after a survey of scientists, "the concensus is that this was gravely handicapped from the start for budget reasons. Skimping on funds means working on a vehicle with such marginal specifications that serious troubles were bound to be encountered."

We have conducted our affairs in the manner of the conservative banker: we've kept our feet on the ground fiscally; but the Russians have the rockets to take them into outer space.

At first only $29 million was set aside for Project Vanguard, as the US satellite program is called. Actually, $110 million has gone into the Project, but the original plans could not be drawn on that basis. False economy and inadequate cost estimates have not been the whole trouble, however. Rivalry between the military services (and too much tolerance of it) has caused major delays. Some of the world's ablest rocket scientists, Germans captured after World War II and brought to this country as civilian technicians in the Army missile program, have not been given any part in development of the satellite. Nor has Project Vanguard been allowed to draw on the regular services for rocket vehicles, because two years ago the Defense Department ordered the missile and satellite

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programs separated. The Russian satellite, the experts say, was developed by the men who made their intercontinental missile.

Naturally, under these conditions, progress has been made at less than rocket speed. A year ago Vanguard officials expected the first test launching to come in September, 1957. Now the official target date is spring of next year, but project technicians say privately it may be summer instead. Even then our moon will be little more than a tenth the size of the first Soviet satellite and will circle the earth at less than half the height. To launch the Soviet moon took a first-stage power plant nearly double that of the largest rocket power plant believed to be available in this country, engineers calculate, and one rocket expert estimates it may take the US five years to develop a system which could place as heavy a satellite as far out in space as the Russian one.

There is certainly cause for a full investigation of both the missile and satellite programs by Congress, as Democratic Senators Symington (Mo.) and Jackson (Wash.) have demanded, to enlighten the public on how we came to be in this predicament.

But what happens meanwhile?

The Soviets will immediately gain practical knowledge we do not have about the density of the air and its currents 500 miles above the earth. This is important to the accurate firing of the ICBM, since missiles in the class of our Atlas travel up 600 miles before starting down to their targets.

The Soviets will also have a powerful new appeal to underdeveloped and often uncommitted nations. Almost inevitably the masses of peoples in the world who have newly found their independence or are only now winning it and are looking for sources of inspiration and technical aid will hitch their wagons to that country among the big powers which clearly demonstrates its economic, military and scientific dominance.

And the Soviets will not be resting on their laurels as launchers of the first baby moon. A second, larger, more permanent satellite, they say, is ready to join the first. In the five years it would take us to reach the Soviet's present stage, at our present rate, the moon may not be out of Russia's reach. These first satellites will produce the knowledge of the temperature of space, the amount of ultraviolet and cosmic ray radiation from the sun and changes in the magnetism and gravitational pull of the earth needed for going higher.

☆

How could we regain the leading position we have lost? First, by Congress' insisting that we plan for the kind of defense we need, regardless of cost, and not the kind that the Budget Bureau may feel is all that we should afford. In recent years Congress has sometimes found that important programs have been cut down or cut out for economy reasons before Congress has even been asked if it was willing to grant funds for them. Then, by shaking up our armed services to produce efficient administration, under a single agency, of at least the top priority phases of defense. In this case, an inter-service command over missile and satellite projects certainly seems called for.

The list of what we know we can accomplish, given the funds and the organization to use money efficiently, is long. The next step after the 22-pound test satellite is a 100-pound "big brother" satellite, carrying a television camera. If it seemed desirable for propaganda reasons, we could probably land the first rocket on the moon in a year's time, the rocket men say. To send a rocket around the moon and bring it back, bearing photographs and recordings, will take a while longer—perhaps 10 years. To establish a space platform which could be manned by men and cameras capable of carrying out a real "open skies" inspection should not take as long.

The Soviets have announced their intention of proceeding with all these steps as rapidly as possible. And the Kremlin will not be diverted by the kind of clamor that will be raised when Congress meets in January and it is seriously suggested that we do the same. Those members of both parties who are dedicated to voting the voters a tax cut before the 1958 election will scream about the cost and predict bankruptcy if we start building these new-fangled "sputniks." Any project that calls for investing so much of a nation's resources for as long a time ahead is sure to bring financial downfall, they will predict, and that's what will happen to the Soviet Union! Before we rejoice at the thought of an early end to our competition with the USSR through economic collapse, it is well to recall that the earth satellite is only one—though dramatic—area in which Soviet progress is taking place extraordinarily rapidly in this decade.

A few days ago the Soviets announced they would replace the existing economic Five Year Plan which was supposed to run till 1960 with another to begin in 1959 and run through 1965. Some observers have inclined to view this as a "stretch out" or a "cutback" of original

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plans for continuing the fast buildup of heavy industry —including arms—which has characterized Soviet economic development since the end of World War II. This is in all probability wishful thinking.

The probability is that Nikita Khrushchev will come out with an even more ambitious program than those conceived before for catching up with the production of the US. His plan may be over-ambitious and it may run into trouble. But the economic capabilities of the Soviet Union today are explosive. And one cannot count on Soviet economic or political difficulties to save freedom.

One watches and waits—till now in vain—for the American response to the Soviet economic, scientific and technological challenge. One hopes that the shock of seeing the Communist Russians shoot things off into outer space while democratic Americans stand bound to the earth below watching the heavens with open mouths may awaken this response. But one wonders—after all, other big shocks have been absorbed with little visible effect by complacency and wishful thinking in government and outside it.

Higher and Higher

NEW COST figures released by the Defense Department to the National Security Industrial Association in New York help to explain the present upsweep in Defense spending and will be used as an argument against additional spending for the exploration of outer space.

American planes cost $9 a pound to build in World War II, $20-$30 in the Korean War, $45-$55 at present, and $70-$80 for those to be delivered in 1960. And pure silver, Defense Secretary Wilson observed, still sells for $15 a pound.

The Army's Nike-Ajax, present anti-aircraft weapon, costs three times more than its World War II predecessor and by 1960 the new Hercules will cost four times more than Ajax, a 12-fold increase in 12 years. And that excludes the nuclear warhead.

These figures are for manned aircraft. To service such craft, even sitting still on the ground, now costs $20 million a day. And that cost will rise: the Air Force now has only 210 of the giant B-58's capable of flying round-trip to Moscow, but by late 1959 it expects 600.

Add to this the new rockets and missiles, whose cost is now just a cloud on the horizon. Defense Department Controller W. J. McNeil estimates when the first ballistic missiles are delivered to the Air Force the development cost alone will be more than double the cost of the first atomic bomb, or more than $8 billion.

The nightmarish cost of these weapon families is made even grimmer by one additional factor. Top Pentagon missile men consider all the new designs to be Model T's, and even after their approval, the Pentagon will advocate a full-scale improvement program, adding more billions to the cost.

Reaction in East Europe

IS THE "National Communism" of Tito and Gomulka little better than the "Stalinism" which each defied and denounced? Two painful events force this question to the fore—the sentencing of the former president of the National Assembly of Yugoslavia, Milovan Djilas, to an additional seven years of imprisonment for the "crime" of having written a book, *The New Class;* and the clubbing and gassing of hundreds of students who assembled on the streets of Warsaw to protest the government's padlocking of the youth newspaper, *Po Prostu*, a publication which had been more responsible than any other for the victory of the Gomulka forces in Poland one year ago.

Djilas had discovered, Richard Lowenthal says in the October issue of *Encounter*,

> the fundamental dilemma of Titoist Yugoslavia which is also the fundamental dilemma of Soviet "de-Stalinization" today: that any attempt at genuine "liberalization" in a totalitarian state must release social forces whose free development must ultimately come up against the basic institution of one-party rule. To all those who benefit from that rule and are determined to defend it, such a dilemma is, of course, unmentionable if not actually unthinkable; and Djilas' insistence on mentioning it again and again was enough to turn him, in the eyes of his former comrades-in-arms, into a . . . "traitor" serving the "Western imperialists," and even an "imitator of Goebbels."

What are the circumstances inside Yugoslavia, one wonders, which compelled the government to make an example of Djilas? Did not the regime have available a perfect refutation of the Djilas argument: it could have denied Djilas the martyrdom he sought; it could have tolerated him.

But if the secret trial and conviction of Djilas is disturbing, the suppression of *Po Prostu* and of student protests in Poland are more discouraging. For *Po Prostu* was not a clandestine publication dedicated to the overthrow of the regime. It was a widely respected advocate of the Gomulka movement; it was edited by a member of the Communist Party; it took seriously the theory that the Communist Party should be the educator, not the jailer, of the masses. Its editor told the editor of this journal last January that "in the future, it won't be necessary to have another October, because of what we did last October." But there *has* been "another October," this month; and the young and ardent editors of *Po Prostu* have been silenced. They were judged guilty of "thoughtless acts"; in other words, their criticisms were not trivial.

The isolation of one revolutionist in Yugoslavia and the suppression of many young revolutionists in Poland are not by themselves enough to justify any final judgment on the Tito and Gomulka regimes. But these

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lamentable events cause us to ask once again whether the deposed Molotov was right: can any ruling Communist elite tolerate serious and sustained "self-criticism," and if it does, does it not thereby invite self-destruction?

Alabama Reconsiders

THE Alabama state legislature has turned down a move to scatter and weaken the potential Negro vote. To forestall a possible political overturn in Macon County, home of Tuskegee Institute, which is 85 percent Negro, State Sen. Sam Engelhardt, head of the Alabama White Citizens Councils, had proposed abolishing the county by slicing it up like a pie and apportioning it to the five adjoining counties (*NR*, August 26). Few imagined that any proposal with this objective at this time would fail. For, as the *Montgomery Advertiser* reported, the pattern of activity in the Alabama House of Representatives up until the time this measure came up had been the same for months:

> "Boys," Speaker Rankin Fite would drawl in fatherly fashion, "This measure has the word segregation in it."
>
> A near riot would then ensue as House members scrambled back to their desks to firmly press their green lights of approval. Such is the power of public opinion: it makes 10-second men out of the aged and ailing.

When first offered, the proposed constitutional amendment to kill a county aroused no apparent resistance in the Legislature or elsewhere. Officeholders in the county seat of Tuskegee may have had reservations about losing their jobs, but—who dares be soft on segregation!

There probably were silent misgivings in many parts of the state, but the open trouble for Engelhardt finally came from the five counties being called on to absorb his Macon County. They have a fairly high ratio of Negro population themselves. Privately they were asking—"Why should we shoulder the problems of Macon?" At last, after the bill had been mysteriously bottled up in Committee almost until adjournment, with nobody accepting responsibility, Johnson of Elmore reluctantly arose to say:

> When the bill was first outlined to me I agreed to go along, but the bill has been changed since then. Elmore County now would get the Greenwood Section of Macon—that's where all the Negro leaders live—and we would also get Tuskegee Institute and the Veterans Hospital. . . . Elmore County doesn't want the bill as it is drawn.

This brought adjoining Montgomery's Dawkins to his feet:

> This is the first time I knew about Elmore getting Greenwood. I thought Montgomery County got it. This just shows you how little any of us know about what is in this bill. . . . I understand we get most of the roads, which must be maintained. Yet the state funds which go to Macon now would be equally divided five ways. I don't think that is right.

Next came Brown of adjoining Lee County:

> Every time I have attended a meeting on this bill we have all sat down around a big map and we would start drawing lines. Then when somebody disagreed we would erase the lines and start all over again. . . . I am as sympathetic as any man to the problems of Macon County, but I'm not willing to do something to my own county which can't be undone. There are many people in Macon County who are opposed to this bill though they are afraid to say so. The white people of Macon County have held command for 132 years. I believe they can retain command for at least two more.

Now it was obvious that the apparent absence of opposition had been deceiving. But how could wary legislators get rid safely of a "segregation" bill? Somebody offered a solution—not simple, for sure, but cautious—a substitute amendment to the constitutional amendment which would have abolished Macon County. Now Alabama voters in a special election this fall will decide whether they approve the creation of a 14-member legislative committee to study the "feasibility" of killing off Macon County, with orders to report the answer in 1959 and to spend no more than $50,000 in finding it.

NEXT WEEK

Charles L. Black, Jr. of the Yale University Law School surveys the possibilities in the South of compliance with the Supreme Court's rulings:

Paths to Desegregation

Yellow Television

THERE WAS an abortive walkout and demonstration by some 50 white students at Central High School at Little Rock a week ago last Thursday. It all happened before and for the benefit of the television cameras. Homer Bigart's story about it in the *New York Times* included this paragraph:

> *Egged on by one television crew*, two youths stood in the center of the street and hooted derisively at white students who remained in classrooms, their heads visible through the open windows. [Italics supplied.]

The walkout was a minor incident. Such importance as it had lay in its failure. But the failure of a riot doesn't show up very well on TV, and so "one television crew" tried as best it could to keep the 7 o'clock newscast from being a failure also. This disgusting

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behavior tells very heavily against the world we live in, and it must not be allowed to go unnoticed. Yellow TV is a greater menace than yellow journalism ever was.

One readily imagines the howls of outrage and the invocations of the First Amendment that would have rent the air if the general commanding the federal troops in Little Rock, having been forewarned of the planned walkout, had barred the television cameras from the scene. Yet what a wise move that would have been! Television's news-gatherers, wielding as they do unprecedented and mesmerizing powers, must learn standards of professional responsibility before they can claim as a matter of course the protection due to those who exercise as delegates the people's right to know.

Science and Cigarettes

IT HASN'T been in the newspapers but the tobacco industry is working hard to counteract and refute if possible the warning of the US Surgeon General last July 12 that "excessive cigarette smoking is one of the factors which can cause lung cancer." The industry's agent in this propaganda campaign is the New York public relations firm of Hill and Knowlton. Press releases from their offices bear the sub-heading "For Tobacco Industry Research Committee," which committee, according to the letterhead, consists of 10 doctors of medicine or science, all of whom have held responsible positions in medical schools or research institutions.

The latest note received from Hill and Knowlton was accompanied by a photostat copy of a clipping from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* quoting Dr. Charles S. Cameron, Dean of Hahnemann Medical College and former medical director of the American Cancer Society, as saying that the tendency to smoke heavily and the tendency to develop lung cancer may both spring from an unknown cause, such as an imbalance of body hormones. Another communication from Hill and Knowlton contains a statement by Dr. Hilton B. Rosenblatt of New York City who points out that lung cancer was recognized in medical literature for more than 100 years before cigarette smoking became popular. And since lung cancer is a disease of older age groups, and we now have more older people, naturally there are more candidates for lung cancer.

The lung cancer-cigarette smoking correlation is also questioned by Dr. Jan Macdonald of the University of Southern California School of Medicine in a paper distributed by the tobacco industry. There are, he points out, two heavy smokers among American men for every one among women; yet the ratio of men with lung cancer, compared to women, is 5-to-1, suggesting a sexual factor. Moreover, laboratory tests exposing mice to cigarette smoke have produced no cancer, but an experiment which exposed mice to the pollution of Los Angeles smog produced tumors in 42 percent of the mice!

The most ambitious defense of the cigarette recommended by the industry, however, is a book published this summer—*Science Looks at Smoking*—by the free-lance writer Eric Northrup. Here we learn that although Pope Urban VIII threatened in 1642 to excommunicate anyone using tobacco on church property, and a Turkish ruler, Murad IV, ordered the death penalty for anyone caught smoking, and in the early decades of this century at least 14 states enacted anti-cigarette laws—the prohibitions "proved singularly futile." He might have added that the only apparent effect of the year's reports linking smoking and lung cancer, according to the US Department of Agriculture, has been to increase the sales of filter tip cigarettes. If the consumption rate for the first six months continues during the rest of this year, a record number of cigarettes will be smoked.

All very interesting. But we have yet to see a persuasive reply from the tobacco industry to the following facts given us by the American Cancer Society: on the average, heavy cigarette smokers die eight years younger than the average of their age group; heavy cigar smokers die three years younger than average; heavy pipe smokers die three months younger.

Less for the Have Nots

THE ANNUAL meeting of the International Bank, just concluded, proved a useful sounding board for the complaints of underdeveloped countries about the widening gap between their home economies and those of the industrial powers. Officials from Turkey, Pakistan, India and Ecuador pointed out that all world economic trends of 1957 have disadvantaged the newly developing countries. The investment boom in the West has soaked up most available savings, leaving little for investment in the emerging areas.

Tight money policies adopted by industrial countries as a weapon against inflation have had the collateral effect of lowering the demand for industrial raw materials from the less-developed countries. This has deprived them of income to finance their development schemes. Finally, inflation in the West has forced up the price of machinery which industrial nations export to the yet-to-be-industrialized.

World commodity prices have fallen 10 percent since the beginning of this year, the *London Economist* confirms in its current issue, and the countries which have been hit hardest by this price decline are countries that live on the proceeds of one or two commodities—Bolivia (tin), Chile (copper), Brazil (coffee), Egypt and Sudan (cotton). Copper has dropped in value by more than one-half, forcing Chile to seek more than $40 million in external loans.

Raw-material exporting countries are tightening their belts, restricting imports and cutting back their develop-

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ment plans. As a consequence, we may anticipate a procession of negotiators coming to Washington, of which the recent visit of the Indian Finance Minister will prove only the first of many. As we commented two weeks ago, the Eisenhower Administration is forced to meet this situation with virtually empty hands since Congress slashed appropriations for economic aid. The President had requested $500 million for a new development loan fund; he got $300 million, somewhat less than the actual amount spent for this purpose last year.

How the President proposes to cope with this problem will be one of the major foreign-policy decisions of 1958.

Arms Race In South Asia

"THERE is only one point that you might have added," Chester Bowles has written us in response to our editorial support of a $600 million loan to India (*NR*, Sept. 23). The former Ambassador in New Delhi, reminds us that US military aid to Pakistan

> has resulted not only in Afghanistan running to the Soviet Union for help, but also in greatly expanding the pressure on India to purchase similar equipment in France and Britain at full market prices to balance what we are giving Pakistan.

Indeed, as Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari pointed out on his visit last week, what India is asking in US credits equals almost exactly the increase in planned Indian military procurement—$550 million—which is attributed to the US-Pakistan arms pact. Indian Military expenditures have already risen from $378 million in 1952-53 to $427 million in 1956-57 and $532 million in 1957-58.

Whether or not India *should* increase her military budget to keep pace with Pakistan is irrelevant. Indians are acutely aware, as William Clark wrote last in the *London Observer,* that to Pakistanis, membership in the Baghdad Pact and SEATO is not based on anti-Communist or pro-Western allegiances but is "part of the process whereby they pick up arms and allies against India." Reassurances that the Nehru Government would enjoy our support in case of Pakistani aggression are simply not taken seriously, since aggression, difficult to define anywhere, could be especially hard to pin down in the geographically isolated and politically rocky terrain (the Northwest Frontier) where Indian and Pakistani interests clash.

For all their numerical superiority over Pakistan, India's Hindus cannot forget the 700-year Moslem rule which preceded British colonialism in India. Moreover, Indians fear (and the fear was fed by Marshal Zhukov on his recent visit) that US equipment is giving Pakistan technological superiority over India. It was a bitter joke in the Indian Army, with its Sherman tanks, when the Pentagon offered Shermans for $100 to communities wishing to establish war memorials. The flood of US tanks and jets arriving in Karachi harbor understandably sent the Indians off to Paris and London to order the Misteres and Canberras which have placed such a strain on foreign exchange.

The United States has already paid an exorbitant political price in India for its military pact with Pakistan: As whipping boy for both the Hindu right and the Communist left, America appears to be a far more direct threat to Indian security than the Soviet Union or Communist China. By supplying arms to Pakistan the US becomes Pakistan's partisan in the Kashmir dispute.

What are Indians to think when we keep them at arm's length, as Secretary Dulles did last week when Krishnamachari asked about a loan, and at the same time continue building up the military power of their major rival?

A General Is Fired

ONCE UPON a time the German Army (then the Reichswehr) was allowed to become a "State within the State." When Dr. Adenauer's second federal government undertook to form new German armed forces, it decided without hesitation that this should never happen again. Its members had not forgotten the famous statement of Reichswehr Commander-in-Chief General von Seeckt when asked in 1923 if the Army would "stick to" the Republic—"Gentlemen, the Army will stick to me." Memories of von Seeckt helped to prompt the decision that the armed forces should be placed under the supreme control of the Federal Minister of Defense, who would call on a special committee to assist him in choosing personnel and on a Parliamentary Committee for Defense in order to frame his policies.

This is what makes the recent dismissal of the military director of personnel, General Burkhard Mueller-Hillebrand, important. Defense Minister Strauss carried this out without reference to the Parliamentary Defense Committee (he could, if he wished, very well plead that Parliament is in a state of dissolution until its newly elected members meet in Berlin for the first time on October 15). Strauss acted in defiance also of a caucus of military opinion which has been building up within the walls of his own Ministry. General Mueller-Hillebrand rejected a candidate for a junior command—although recommended by Herr Strauss personally—with a degree of contempt and with the absurd remark that this junior command should only be held by someone who had earned the Oak Leaves to the Iron Cross in action. Subsequently the General flounced out of Herr Strauss's ante-room, where he had been kept waiting for half-an-hour while the Minister was in conference, and left an insulting message behind.

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It is sometimes forgotten that almost every officer above the rank of Lieutenant in the new German armed forces served in the largely Nazified Army of 1933-1945. They have been selected with care, but it may sometimes take more than the discreet inquiries of an unbiased selection board to discover deep-rooted and skillfully camouflaged prejudices. General Mueller-Hillebrand showed his contempt for the civil power: that is enough to make one suspicious. He was ready to block a civilian recommendation for a military post: that is painfully reminiscent of the "State within the State" which Hans von Seeckt openly proclaimed as the arbiter of German destinies. Herr Strauss's method of dismissing him—by issuing a statement to the press—was, to say the least, unusual. It has stirred up a hornet's nest in army circles and in the Defense Ministry itself.

The incident requires a footnote by way of explaining why this superficially unimportant incident should not be treated too lightly. The bearing and use of arms is solely bound up in Germany with tradition. Why has the practice of duelling with sharp sabres (*Mensur*) been taken up again in the German universities? Not because many students want to duel, but because the University Graduates—the so-called "Alte Herren"—believe in the barbaric habit of gaining "scars of honor" by securing a slash in the cheek or chin and keeping the wound open until a suitable scar is ensured. The ex-soldiers associations are still a power behind the scene in Bonn. Mueller-Hillebrand may have been the scapegoat for their ant-like activity. In which case Herr Strauss should be commended for his energy, if hardly for his tact.

TO THE GUILLOTINE

No doubt in some respects . . .
M. Bourges-Maunoury was unlucky, but the culprit was the Assembly.—The Times, Oct. 2

THE Government is out,
Paris hears,
France is better off without,
(Paris cheers.)
As the Premier delivers
His own funeral oration,
The national lawgivers
Express their jubilation,
For his summary execution
Kills the promise of solution,
And increases the confusion
On Algiers.

This is no French Revolution,
Au contraire,
It's the way the Constitution
Functions there,
For the cost of coalition
Is the crisis Ministerial;
There is always ammunition,
And the cause is immaterial.
Allied Parties' non-compliance
Is an ancient French tradition,
Leaders can place no reliance
Even on the Opposition.
Sworn supporters will deceive them,
Turncoats and backsliders leave them
In despair.

When the Premier seeks a measure
Of control,
The Assembly shows displeasure,
Heads must roll.
In a seasonal convulsion
The Deputies unite,
And the Government's expulsion
Is a sacred slaughter-rite.
When the massed assassins enter,
Any hand may fire the shot
From Right or Left or Centre,
Or the Commie *sanscoulottes.*
And when the killers crack down,
And the Cabinet they hack down,
Few condole.

The Government is fired,
Vive la France!
But it has not quite retired,
Vive la France!
In the Parliamentary scuffle
It succumbs to bloody blows,
But in the next reshuffle
May exchange portfolios.
For when leaders are ejected
Through Party fear or folly,
Their return may be expected
(And there's always M. Mollet).
And the next Administration
Will be hailed with joy delirious—
The condition of the nation
Still is fatal, but not serious.
Though now dismissed with fury,
Deceased Bourgés-Maunoury
May get another chance.
Vive la France!

SAGITTARIUS

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The Superficial Aspect

The Arkansas Toreador

HOWEVER skeptical of the occult one may be, it is hard to deny a preternatural quality to the feats of the man Faubus. For one thing, he has actually made Eisenhower President of the United States, if only for one dazzling moment—an achievement that many had believed beyond the competence of all the king's horses and all the king's men. For another, he has rendered the "availability" of the Hon. Lyndon Johnson for the Democratic nomination about equivalent to the availability of the Hon. Solomon W. R. D. Bandaranaike of Ceylon, whom not even our ambassador can name. For a third, he has made an American theatre audience hiss a performance of *South Pacific*—because Little Rock was mentioned.

> Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?

One is tempted to assume that this Faubus must be a warlock of terrific potence attended by familiars drawn from the ranks of the Djinn. Even if that idea be rejected as unconstitutional, it is difficult to account for the Arkansan without drifting far toward the metaphysical. I, for one, am inclined to resort to one of Hemingway's more esoteric pronouncements, the Moment of Truth, to explain this phenomenon.

The Moment of Truth, you remember, is the moment when the matador slays the bull. The matador is inconsequential except as the agency through which the Moment of Truth is introduced; it is the slaying of the bull that counts. Faubus, heaven knows, is inconsequential *per se* but it can be plausibly argued that he has introduced into politics a Moment of Truth that may have repercussions of incalculable extent.

Realists have known for a long time that the apparent solidarity of the Democratic Party is a lot of bull. So is the cult of the infallible wisdom of Ike. So is the doctrine of the irrefragable sovereignty of the states. So is the notion that the President is a sort of Chairman of the Board. So is Paragraph One of the Fourteenth Amendment. So is the idea that Javits and Jenner belong to the same political party, and that Byrd and Humphrey are both Democrats.

As of the moment of writing there is some evidence that the Arkansas Toreador has actually killed the bull; if that is the case then the possible results are beyond the power of Univac, the Thinking Machine, to calculate.

An obvious one is a fragmentation of the Two-Party System as complete as the existent fragmentation of Protestantism. This gives rise to fascinating speculation. Think of the campaign of 1960 with half a dozen, instead of two, major party candidates—one of the Primitive Democrats of South Carolina, one of the two Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Democrats of Oregon, one of the Free Will Democrats of Minnesota; and opposing them, one of the Missionary Republicans of New York, one of the Hardshell Republicans of Indiana, and one of the Millennial Dawn Republicans of California!

Note well, however, that this is mere speculation, not prophecy. I do not expect anything of the kind to happen. Faubus has slain the bull, all right, but there are always more waiting behind the barrier. We may be sure that the muleteers, Messrs. Butler and Hall, are already advancing to haul this carcass off and clear the way for resumption of the *corrida*.

Nevertheless, like Hemingway, we should be able to find in the Moment of Truth matter for much philosophizing and perhaps for some instruction. The spectacle of all political Chaldeans and soothsayers completely unstrung is rare entertainment, but there is more in it than that. While no radical reorganization of our political system is likely, the effects of the Moment may be more than transitory.

Northern reformers, for instance, may learn that in race prejudice they are grappling a devil much more agile and sinewy than they had believed, one not to be exorcised by spells and incantations alone. They may thus acquire a new respect for those Southerners who have been wrestling with the evil spirit these many years, not altogether in vain. It is even conceivable that they might learn from the Southerners techniques that would be useful in Cicero, Ill., and Levittown, Pa.

SOUTHERNERS, on their part, have had a jolting revelation of the contempt with which their revered Stuffed Shirts are regarded by the rest of the country. They should realize now that their adherence to the lame-brain leadership has caused them not, as they have fancied, to be hated, but only to be despised, except, indeed, by the tender-hearted who see them as pitiful blind followers of the blind.

It is not an exhilarating experience for anyone concerned. The Moment of Truth is not commonly a moment of triumph, but it is often instructive, and sometimes it is as instructive as a glimpse through the red-hot bars of the gates of hell.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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They *Like* Faubus

by RONNIE DUGGER

GENTLEMEN, we are missing the point. Orval Faubus is not the cause of Little Rock. He *does* represent his people: they are the cause.

A few of us learned this when the putty-faced, wide-mouthed, authentic but professional country boy who is Governor of Arkansas slipped away from his occupied capital city for a day among his kind of people in his kind of country.

His office had denied he was going anywhere, but a few reporters took a stand outside the tall hedge in front of his red-brick hut-style mansion. About 9:30 he stepped out the back door into a blue Highway Patrol car, and he and a trooper lit out, trailing two cars of reporters behind them, for the Yell County free fair in Danville, a town of 892 at the foot of the Ozarks.

As the caravan left Little Rock, filling station attendants waved happily at the Governor, but a Negro sweeping the sidewalk in front of a drugstore saw him, turned to a friend, and, curling his lip on the first syllable, said, "Faubus." We whistled along at 85 miles an hour down rolling, winding, and occasionally pebbly roads through the yellow pine, oak, gum, and fall-rusting shrubs of Ouchita National Forest. At 11 sharp the patrol car coasted down Danville's folks-lined Main Street. Applauding, whistling, yelling "yaaah-hay!" the people welcomed Faubus among them. "Just stay in there, boy!" said an old man in a brown pinstripe shirt, with rubber bands to hold up his sleeves and suspenders to hold up his pants. A fleshy young girl in the last of her teens, hips shifted to the side in her tight beltless faded jeans, shook his hand as he passed.

Danville is a servicing town for the Arkansas broiler country. Its old men stand around snapping their suspenders and spitting in the street; its teen-agers sling themselves around in sports shirts and denims and ride up and down the dusty streets in pickups and jalopies. It is snuff-dippin', chicken-raisin', God-fearin' country.

Faubus, dressed in a silkweave charcoal blue suit and a red and black tie, mounted a stand at the intersection of "Danville Hotel, Home Cooked Meals" and next to a big red stop sign; and he started telling them. "Those of you who have read some of the national publications will note," he said in a flat but fast-moving drawl, "that I have been widely low-rated as a country boy. I'm glad to be home, and I'm glad to be back with my people."

Applause spread through the people assembled in the streets. An old man, faded blue dress shirt buttoned up to the tieless neck, suspenders, khakis, limp black felt hat, gold-rim glasses, lined face, sunken cheeks, turned to a friend and smiled, "That's right!"

Faubus hoed and watered their earthy vanity. Here at the county fair, he told them, they could see "the display of the products of your toil" in "the way of life which produces the kind of people of which there are no finer on the face of the earth." The farmers, he told them, are no longer "the most powerful bloc" in Congress. And all Ezra Benson wants is "to give to the big and take from the little" ("That's right!" said the old man again).

"The liberty-loving small freeholder" is rare now—the Yankee reporters were probably seeing more of them at one time than they ever had before. This is the breed, said the Governor, who "furnished the Minute Men of the Revolution," "stood in the ranks when the first shots of the Revolution were fired at Lexington and Concord, then stood in the roadways as the British ran, until at last the British were laying on the ground in Boston with their tongues hanging out like dogs!" The small freeholders are "the backbone of the country. Theirs were the feet that bled at Valley Forge!" So, said Orval Faubus, "if the national magazines think that displaying me as a country boy is displeasing to me, they are again mistaken. I am proud of my honesty and arduous toil from the ranks of people such as you are, faces stained by the sun of honest labor."

True, there are "my detractors." Take one of them, an attorney who used to be an instructor at the University of Arkansas who "had to be kicked out because of his drinking and carousing which was a corrupting influence to your sons and daughters" (applause). Obviously you can know a man best by the men who criticize him, said the Governor. But as quickly as he brought up this unpleasant point he left it and told the people to go on with their holiday. He dropped to the street. "Good people are behind you," a lady in a blue dress told him. Starting upstreet, he was told by a young field hand, "Governor, if our people here aren't a hundred percent for you I haven't heard otherwise." "He's certainly our kind of people, the Governor," said a man at the microphone.

The house-like, two-story white plaster courthouse, a spreading elm before it, is up at the head of Main Street. The parade was to start there. Faubus stood alone

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a while on the reddish dirt and pebbles at the edge of the pavement. Three small boys came up, and he went forward to shake their hands eagerly, as though he was glad not to be alone there, with the reporters standing off a distance, watching. A horse was led to him, a handsome tan palomino quarterhorse mare, and he mounted it easily. Then a huge American flag was brought to him. Reins in left hand, staff in right, he sat well in the saddle. He said it was the first time he'd been on a horse in 10 years, but then he reflected a minute and amended this, saying "hardly a year passes" he's not on a horse. He had a grey felt hat, the brim turned up all the way around. A reporter asked him what kind of hat it was, and he laughed and said, "All I know it isn't a Homburg." (He was gentle with the reporters even though some of their publications had pilloried him.)

Buford Compton, Yell County sheriff for 16 years, a tall, tough, aging man with a white Stetson, took the Arkansas flag and went ahead on his mount. Together he and Faubus stood at a corner of the courthouse rise and watched the parade pass.

And it was a parade—green-jacketed high school band, a float bearing a pink and white horn of plenty and seven high school queens with gold-painted cardboard crowns, ribbon-draped cars full of happy young children (all white), the smell of horse manure, and a "Gospil" Train, "Glory Bound . . . Esau I hate but Jacob I love," with a middle-aged woman in a white uniform on board, flourishing a Bible and telling of her personal glories with it. . . . 77-year-old George Calvin Gooch, leaning on his baby-blue broomstick cane, hobbled up to Faubus and told him from under his white stubble beard, "I'm glad you're the man you are."

FAUBUS and Compton rode side by side up the street, flags flapping. Faubus carried the US flag because he has a gift for countervailing symbols, for ordering the National Guard to prevent integration as he boasts he has children in integrated schools, for defying federal courts as he withdraws the National Guard under a federal court order, for personally opposing a special legislative session as he says he'll probably call it. It was a sight almost as incredible as the federal troops and their bayonets in the streets and on the school grounds in Little Rock, this picture of a smiling, nodding Governor and the old sheriff jogging down the Main Street of Danville with those flags flying.

The people greeted the Governor with short bursts of strenuous applause. "We're for you!" "Stay with 'em Orval!" A merchant jerkily flashed a V sign at him. Perhaps 40 Negroes were in the crowds, watching somberly, none applauding, but a few smiling, almost to themselves.

The parade wound up at the high school gym of the Danville "Little Johns." Here Arkansans of all ages enclosed Faubus and lionized him. He was reaching around waists to get at hands in the crowd. "Think yore doin' a good job," said one. A high school girl in band uniform said everybody likes him, "leastwise around here." Said a white mother: "My little girl wants to shake hands with you. She's of school age."

Faubus loved it. He kissed babies and hugged old women and mugged for the whirring cameras and told almost everybody about relatives he had in their home towns. Senator Boss Mitchell, a Danville feed dealer, mounted the horn of plenty float where the seven high school queens stood waiting. He had on a dark blue suit, too, and a red tie with black dots.

"The man who needs no introduction," said Boss Mitchell, has a life story "similar to a story book, a fiction, only it's true. The Honorable Orval E. Faubus was borned in a rural house, on a rural farm, at the foot of the Ozarks." He was educated, "not in one of those big consolidated schools, but in a little red schoolhouse. Governor Faubus was always ambitious. He yearned to accomplish all the things any farm boy would want to." If the youngsters in the crowd would follow his example, they, too, might "climb the ladder of success."

Faubus, who, during this, had crossed his arms, leaned back, and gazed off toward the horizon, as in a reverie, came to and told them it was nice to get away from "the hectic turmoil" of the last few weeks. He crowned the seven queens, kissing the prettiest one on the cheek for the cameramen.

Then the people shouldered toward him again. "Proud for you." "I know you're tard shakin' hands but I'm just proud of you." "If you wanta run 10 times we'll be for you every time." Mrs. Lilli Wells, 76, a lovely little old lady, came up to him merrily and told him, "I'm not a-goin' home till I shake your hand. You're a man right down my alley." He laughed and hugged her. "Ohhh!" she screamed, clapping her hands. "I got a hug from the Governor!" An intent looking woman of middle age shook his hand. "My mother said shake hands for her. She said you was goin' right down her line o' business."

Faubus disappeared for a private luncheon with Boss Mitchell and other local politicos; the people and their children ate "kotton kandy" and popcorn and amused themselves at the fair—At the ferris wheel, the whirl-around. . . . the big tent sideshow of "Hi Steppen Glamorettes, Exotic Burlesque Review" with the barker calling for customers before the show starts in three minutes . . . two and a half minutes . . . half a minute . . . and Arkansan males young and old alike passing inside, drawn there by already-disappeared nude-thigh samples in the flesh and silhouettes of anatomically wondrous girls standing marvelously on clouds of blue, red, green, yellow, and purple balloons.

Faubus never went out on the fairgrounds, but he toured all the exhibits in the sheds. In the home demon-

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stration unit he looked at the preserves and the safety exhibits and the flowers, and a 42-year-old Negro shook his hand and said "carry on" and told reporters he thinks segregation is best. A man in a brown suit told him horses are "a sacred matter," and he said back, "I wouldn't profane it for the world." Out in the sun Boss Mitchell said he thought Faubus ought to be nominated for President.

Left hand in his pocket, right hand free for shaking, Faubus was relaxed, confident, genial. The people were not wrought up; they were having a good time, and they obviously liked Orval Faubus. "My cousin carries the mail there. You know him?" Faubus asked one. "Well," he told another, "I've got a lot of relatives in Oklahoma. My grandmother was. . . ." He passed through the hog pens. Amid the smells of sawdust and swine he said, "That's a nice looking Hampshire," and the major domo obligingly leaped into the stall and kicked the gargling-mad 600-pounder and pulled him to his feet by his tail. Faubus explained to reporters that the razorbacks used to run wild in the Ozarks but are scarce now.

In the acrid-smelling chicken shed superintendent of poultry George Ryan showed him all the chickens, ducks, Japanese quail, and bobwhites. A mother introduced her son, who wordlessly shook with the Governor with his left hand, his right one being occupied with a half-eaten candied apple. Ryan took a chicken out of its cage and had Faubus feel its sturdy breast. "And these're silkies —D'ja ever feel of his fuzz?" Faubus hadn't and did.

In the cattle shed Faubus and troupe were greeted by a young man in khakis who told him "up here better'n 99 percent of the people are for you." A reporter, cleaning off his shoes, asked the Governor how he had avoided the stuff. "That," said Faubus, "is how you know a country boy."

Outside again five women accosted him and told him they were 100 percent for him. His reply: "I've got a sister in Fullerton." One of the women crossed her arms and rocked back and said, "Well, Well!" Faubus turned to the reporters. His throat was full of an idea. "You know boys, you hear a lot about the grass roots. This is the grass roots. This is the people."

Talking with Russians

by GEORGE ABRAMS

GEORGE ABRAMS *of Newton, Mass., an honor graduate of Harvard College in 1954 and Harvard Law School this June and for two years managing editor of* The Crimson, *spent 19 days in the Soviet Union as one of the 60 US delegates to the 6th World Festival of Youth and Students, held in Moscow July 28-August 11. On 16 of those days he conducted a soap-box campaign in Red Square, talking with an estimated 50,000 Russians and reading to bystanders portions of the UN report on Hungary, unknown in the USSR.*

Here Mr. Abrams answers a series of questions about his visit put to him by the editors of The New Republic.

It was said by officials in Washington that American participation in the Communist-sponsored Youth Festival in Moscow had to be discouraged since most young Americans who might otherwise have attended the Festival would not be qualified to defend a non-Communist approach; that, in other words, the younger generation in this country is, by and large, too politically unsophisticated. Do you share this assumption?

I do not in any sense qualify as an expert on the youth of America. But of those with whom I have had contact, I can honestly estimate that something over 50 percent of them would have been more than able to handle their own in defending the non-Communist approach. My generation, it is true, does not have the sizable and articulate liberal and left-wing elements that existed in the twenties and thirties. So what! Because the younger generation does not go shouting political opinions from roof-tops is no reason to lose faith. I would estimate that it would not have been difficult to fill the huge Lenin Stadium in Moscow with American youth willing and able to defend the American way against all comers.

Moreover, if every American at the Festival were a polished orator, would not the average Russian have become very suspicious? Indeed, what seemed to me especially impressive in Moscow was the impact of the politically *unsophisticated* American youth. When a fluffy, wide-eyed American girl of 19 is surrounded by curious Russians and asked hundreds of questions, her apolitical approach is her greatest asset. I can still picture the surprised look on the faces of a Russian crowd questioning one American girl about the Negro problem in America when she blurted out the fact that her roommate in college was a Negro. That one statement was worth 100 hours trying to explain "the Negro problem."

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The avid and sincere interest of the Russian girls and women in the clothes of the American girls, and the excited talks about lipstick and make-up, about dances and parties and dating, all had their effect. Every American at the Festival, regardless of his political views (or lack of them), had some area in which he could inform groups of Russians about American ways and lessen the impact of some of the hate the Russian Government and press continually preaches. One friend of mine was an artist. He would most assuredly fall into the "politically unsophisticated" category. Yet he had an unbelievable effect on Russian artists when he talked of modern painting and tore into the Soviet concept of "socialist realism." All of us in Moscow were able to answer countless questions about our homelife, families, work, schools. The differences between what we were telling them and what they had been reading must have been apparent to many.

☆

Had our Department of State taken no position on attendance at the Festival, what do you think the results would have been (1) on the American delegation, (2) on other delegations?

The make-up of the American delegation would have most assuredly changed for the better. The Department's decision to discourage attendance at the Festival was undoubtedly carefully considered, but the effect was to frighten representative American students from going to Moscow, thus insuring that the "left-wing" element (which would have made its way to the Festival regardless of State Department policy) had a disproportionately important voice in the American delegation. A group of seven Rhodes Scholars who had planned for months to attend the Festival was frightened away by Secretary of State Dulles' warning in the last week before the Festival. Several friends of mine on Fulbright scholarships decided at the last minute to pass up the affair for fear of the reaction back home. Even among Americans who later were to do most of the active defending of the US at the Festival, there was an almost unbelievable amount of fear. A large number (including myself) avoided all the American photographers and reporters like the plague. I remember about a dozen Americans walking a block apart from the rest of the American delegation on the day of the opening parade for fear of having their pictures taken with the group. And close to 50 of the American delegates chose to go quietly into the stadium where the opening day ceremonies were being held rather than to march in with the American delegation, so as to avoid subjecting themselves to adverse publicity back home. Those in the American delegation whom the State Department were most worried about passed themselves off as typical Americans and "elected" leaders of the American delegation. By taking the public position it did, the Department of State virtually dictated this result.

Perhaps the Department's policy makes somewhat more sense when its effect on other delegations to the Festival is considered. There was a general boycott of the Festival by the Western countries, parts of Asia, Africa, and South America. Even India attempted a form of semi-boycott. These countries, realizing the propaganda intent of the Russian hosts, decided they did not want to take any chances. Endorsement of or attendance at the Festival by responsible American groups, it was said, would have undercut the efforts of other nations to discourage attendance from their own countries. But most of these countries were staunch opponents of Communism anyway. Most of the so-called neutralist countries were not influenced at all by the State Department's position and sent representative delegations. What, therefore, was gained?

When I visited Holland, Scandinavia and France after the Festival, I read a number of articles bitterly attacking government policy that discouraged young people from going to the Festival. One of the leading Dutch papers commented that the "ostrich" policy only assured a Dutch delegation dominated by Communists and left-wingers, and kicked away the "chance of a life-time." I read similar views in a Norwegian paper and in a French paper. Had our Department of State taken no position on attendance at the Festival, I feel that representative groups of American students and students from other countries would have found their way into Russia in unofficial capacities and would have, in all probability, done a great deal of good for the West.

☆

From your own experiences in talking with Russians in Moscow, what do you conclude are the possibilities and limitations of getting through to them on a personal basis?

It is very difficult to measure. The Moscow I saw during the Youth Festival was not the normal Moscow. The Russian people had been encouraged to greet the foreign visitors in the most warm and open manner, to be polite and kind, and to extend the greatest hospitality. As a result, I found myself with a ready audience of Russian people everywhere I went. And what's more, I was perfectly free to talk on any subject I chose.

A number of times when crowds I was talking to grew restless or too large, Russian police would approach. As soon as they were spied, the Russians listening would shout out a magic word which would cause the police to disappear. The word was "Festival." This word seemed, in effect, to be synonymous with "freedom"—freedom to speak and listen and act as they wanted during the Festival.

During this three-week period I became convinced that by far the best way of getting through to the Russian people was on a personal basis. In 16 days of dis-

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cussions, I learned a lot about what the Russians are interested in, what they accept as true, and what they feel is mere "Western propaganda." I was able to overcome some of their suspicions about me and my motives through discussions of non-political subjects—my family, my schooling, my work. I learned that to be effective I had to steer away from such subjects as John Foster Dulles or the legal merits of denying Paul Robeson a passport to travel to the Soviet Union.

During the course of the discussion with the crowds that gathered in Red Square, I found the Russians asking numerous questions on a subject after I thought it had been exhausted. They would often go off on what I considered surprising side-tracks which apparently sincerely bothered them and prevented their understanding points I was trying to make. Let me cite one example. I frequently talked of our system of law and judicial process. At first, many of the Russians were skeptical. Then they took to trying to show me why. They asked me how I could say we had any system of justice when "only Negroes are sent to the electric chair," when the "Rosenbergs were murdered," when "Robeson is held prisoner in the United States." Through the give-and-take that followed, I was able to explain how some of the things they read and were told were not so.

But what are the limitations? Language for one thing. Very few Americans speak Russian, and the average Russian certainly does not speak English. I was lucky. During the Youth Festival I was able to find many willing interpreters among my Russian listeners.

The average American visitor to Russia will not be so lucky. And now that the Festival is over, the Russians will undoubtedly go back to being a good deal more cautious, particularly the English speaking ones. Most American visitors will go as tourists, and as such they will be under the protective guidance of the official Russian tourist agency, Intourist. The freedom to travel any place and engage in open conversations undoubtedly has been greatly cut down since the Festival. Intourist guides are carefully trained to control visitors from the time they enter the Russian borders to the time they leave. This does not mean that there can be no valuable personal contacts made by Western visitors to Russia. It means that such contacts will have to be on a much smaller and more intimate basis. No large crowds, but perhaps groups of threes and fours.

☆

Did the Russians appear to be making any special play for any particular delegations?

The attempt of the Russian Government to use the Youth Festival for propaganda turned out to be far more subtle than we had first anticipated. Past Youth Festivals had been very carefully calculated propaganda efforts against the West—and the United States in particular. In 1947 and 1949, the theme was anti-fascism; in 1951 and 1953 the Festival passed resolutions condemning "United States aggression and germ warfare in Korea"; in 1955 at Warsaw, the pitch was peaceful coexistence. Peaceful coexistence was again the main theme of the Youth Festival this year. But resolutions were incidental to demonstrations of "peace and friendship." Everywhere the delegates went thousands of Russians greeted them with flowers and gifts and apparently genuine affection.

It became obvious to us that the Russian Government was directing its greatest effort toward the African and colonial countries, and the Arab nations. For instance, many of the large Russian stores had set up display windows. The clothing dummies were always mixed white and Negro and carefully arranged in each window. Dummies of black-skinned children were used to display the best of Soviet youth wearing apparel, and display windows for the most expensive women's clothes all had at least one Negro dummy. One of the most spectacular displays in Moscow was of a giant magic carpet about 30 feet above one of Moscow's largest squares. On the magic carpet were three model children, arm in arm: a Negro child, a Caucasian child, and a child representing the yellow race.

The dark-skinned and the Arab delegates to the Festival seemed to be given special treatment by the Russian crowds and officials. These delegates were deluged with flowers and gifts, and were carefully shepherded to numerous meetings along with other supposedly "exploited" people. Although every delegation was given the red-carpet treatment, the colonials found themselves living in somewhat better conditions. Instead of five to a room (in the American and British hostels), the Indians and Africans and Arabs were put in rooms with two or three people. Instead of cafeteria-type, self-service meals, the Russians gave the delegates

The Soviet Union—40 Years Later

The 40th Anniversary of the Russian Revolution will be celebrated throughout the Soviet Union during the rest of this month and through November 7. The report by George Abrams on his conversations at the Youth Festival in Moscow is the first of several articles to appear in *The New Republic* in coming weeks on what we can learn from the Russian experience. Future articles include:

Khrushchev's Advice to Writers
by George Gibian

The Illusions That Were and the Illusions That Are
by Gus Tyler

US-Soviet Relations—The Next 40 Years
by Joseph C. Harsch

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of the uncommitted countries their own dining halls with waiters and candlelight service. The rooms of each of these delegations were equipped with telephones.

Most of the Indian delegates to whom I spoke saw through this preferential treatment. A good many of them laughed and joked over the whole thing and explained that I too could be better treated if I would only give up my American citizenship and become an Indian or an African. But undoubtedly all the Soviet efforts along this line were not in vain. It is pretty hard to forget the almost hysterical screaming of the Syrian and Egyptian delegations every time the opportunity came to praise Russia and the Russian leaders. Or the way the Arab delegates prostrated themselves before Khrushchev and the Presidium on the day of the opening ceremonies. The chant of "Syria and Russia, friendship forever," echoed throughout Moscow wherever the Syrian delegation went.

☆

What impressions did you form of the Russian technical and organizational competence?

In many respects I was impressed with the careful, methodical planning and general organization of the Youth Festival activities. Thirty thousand young people from all over the world and all speaking different languages poured into Moscow. One hundred thousand youths were brought to Moscow from all parts of the Soviet Union. All of these people had to be housed, fed, transported around the city. Although there were a number of mix-ups and sometimes complete confusion, by and large, the Russians were able to run the whole production smoothly.

It might be worthwhile to note that the Russians were able to find top-rate interpreters for each language spoken by the Festival delegates. Not one, but several. I asked some of the Russians whether it was difficult to find interpreters for some of the dialects and lesser-known languages. The answer was no. "We make sure that we have enough people studying all the different languages to provide for our language needs whenever such things as the Youth Festival come up." "But suppose you have no students who want to study a particular dialect?" I asked. "We find them," came back the answer.

The food problem at the Festival must have been immense. The Russians provided from three to five main courses for each meal. One course was always served for vegetarians. Arabs received food in line with their national eating habits; Chinese food was available, and so on down the line.

The problem of equitably providing tickets for the cultural performances during the Festival was gigantic. Thirty thousand foreign youths and 100,000 young Russians were in Moscow all clamoring to be entertained. Thirty, 40 or 50 theatres would be in operation in one night, and somehow each would be filled to capacity with Festival delegates. Mistakes were made in the ticket allocations, but the big surprise was the apparent ease with which this difficult problem was handled.

Sometimes, however, the Soviet technical and organization competence fell down completely. The most serious example of this from the Russian point of view was the carefully bally-hooed evening demonstration on Hiroshima Day. The Russians were quite obviously planning to make their big propaganda push of the Festival. "American mass-murder" was one term being bandied about as the big rally drew near.

But the rally was a complete failure. The Russians made several crucial mistakes in its staging. For some reason they decided to make it a rally of only youth delegates to the Festival. Cordons of police were set up to keep the Russian people out. This was a Festival rally, they explained. The sudden shift from 10 days of howling masses of people to the comparatively few Festival delegates put a real damper on festivities. The delegates felt themselves dwarfed by the huge square. There was little noise, hardly any enthusiasm. The entertainment program had been badly planned and few could see the very small stage. Festival delegates began to walk out before the program was one third over. The consensus was that the rally was a complete failure and one of the dullest nights of the Festival.

The same was true of the Kremlin Ball. Festival delegates went with visions of waltzes and dancing the night through on some huge dance floor in the heart of the Kremlin. Instead, they found a few juggling acts inside the Kremlin, some acrobats, no dancing and no food.

The total cost of the Festival to the Russian Government has been estimated at anywhere from $20 million to $200 million. The most reliable figure seems to be somewhat in the neighborhood of $125 million. The bulk of this money went into building construction, housing facilities, and food, transportation and entertainment. From all accounts in the Russian press since the Youth Festival, it seems pretty apparent that the Russian Government is having a good many qualms as to whether the money was well spent or not. Russian youth leaders have had to issue statements telling the young people of Russia to throw off the "subversive" ideas spread at the Festival "by non-Communist delegates," to ignore "the lies" spread by certain youth delegates, and to join together once again in their full support of the Communist Party and the Soviet leaders. Hitherto taboo subjects have found their say into the Soviet Press, such as the defection of Howard Fast from the Communist Party and the contents of the United Nations Report on Hungary. In my opinion, the negative approach taken by the State Department prevented our taking full advantage of the opportunity presented by the Youth Festival.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Veblen of the Novel

by James T. Farrell

RECENTLY, while I was travelling in Europe and Asia, I was often asked to recommend the works of younger American writers. Unfortunately, I have not, in recent years, had the time to read as much new fiction as I would have liked. And some of what I have read has been very tame and disappointing.

The pressure of work caused me to miss the emergence of a most promising new writer, Harvey Swados. His first novel, *Out Went the Candle*, appeared in 1955, but I have just now begun to read it, after reading Swados' second novel, *On the Line*. I found the new book exciting in a quiet way. It is exciting because of its truth, its revelation of a sensibility on the part of the author, its technical and constructive skill, and the simplicity with which Harvey Swados has treated a complicated and difficult subject matter—the life and the feelings of factory workers on an assembly line.

On the Line, by Harvey Swados (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $3.75).

The fuss about proletarian writing in the 1930's is still remembered. The unbelievably bad novels written then are now condemned categorically, but there is scarcely a young person alive who has actually read them. The very phrase, "proletarian novel" is misleading, and it would still be so even if the Communists had not used it as a means of dragooning writers into celebrating the party line. Harvey Swados has written about workers in a factory, and though his work reflects the constructive contribution which the union—obviously the UAW—has made to the life of the worker, *On the Line* should not be categorized or allowed to go unread on this account. This is a skillful literary performance by a young man who writes with the greatest of ease and charm.

Style is not everything in writing, but Harvey Swados is a stylist—to such a degree that some readers may not recognize his true depth. For an easy, graceful and charming style, with flow, movement and variety sometimes confuses people and causes them to think a work may be light and less meaningful than it is.

IT is a fascinating and disturbing experience to visit a factory and to watch men working at the line. The pounding noise, the monotony of the work, the seeming confusion where there is order and plan cannot be assimilated on one visit. And if you are a writer and visit a plant, you wonder and ponder as to how you would describe this plant. It is a severely difficult task, but Harvey Swados has mastered it. He has recreated the atmosphere of a factory and a belt or assembly line with such ease that you can even fail to recognize the difficulty of his accomplishment.

Swados takes nine characters, eight working men and one foreman, whose one common bond is the fact that they work on the assembly line in an auto plant. Some of the workers dream. They want to get out of it. They work only because of the wages and because they can use their money to get along in life. Others, older ones, have been caught in the plant and know that they will be there until they are old and can retire with their pensions. One of them works furiously because by so doing he feeds his ego. One is a reformed drunk who has thrown his life away. One is a Negro who wants to sing but whose voice has been irretrievably damaged in an accident.Another is a charming Irish school-teacher who, at first, is fascinated by America and our freedom, but who then decides that he should go back to the poor village in Western Ireland where he taught. Still another is a man who escaped from the line, went into business, failed and must return at the age of fifty-six. Each of the nine emerges as a credible human being, and we sympathize with them all.

The nine men are described in what can be called separate short stories. But each story flows into the next one so that the book has movement, psychological movement as well as the movement which is a result of careful construction and conception. Description, dialogue, exposition are all fused, and you have scene and setting as well as character.

SWADOS is fair, honest and gifted with insight, also he is a man of taste. This taste is apparent in his refusal to melodramatize and over-write.

His book is full of small details which reveal how much the union has accomplished positively in easing the lives of the men, men who do hard work. But his objectivity is unmarred and unbroken, and he conveys a sense of fate—the fate of those who work at de-sensitizing and psychologically-hurtful work in order that our prosperous society can maintain itself. His picture is disturbing. But what is disturbing is not a peculiarly American phenomenon: it is a disturbing feature of what we call progress. The machine has freed man from back-breaking labor. But the machine has also imposed a discipline of the clock on man which disturbs, distorts and even embitters his nature. This was one of the major insights of Thorstein Veblen in *The Instinct of Workmanship*. By artistic recreation, Swados has made emotionally comprehensible some of the best of Veblen's insights.

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English Law and Human Rights

by William D. Rogers

TYRANNY feeds on its power to imprison without cause. Responsible government begins with the premise that no man can be arrested but for cause and under the law of the land

The Lion and the Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic, Little Brown; $6).

justly and fairly administered. All else follows: the catalog of great freedoms, the guarantees of Due Process, the manufacturing of law by those subject to it.

The American Colonists of the 18th Century believed that the right against arbitrary arrest went back to the dimness of the Middle Ages, as far as historical eyes could see. Actually, before the Parliament of 1628 the doctrine was an abstraction, enshrined in bad Latin in the Magna Charta. It was only with Sir Edward Coke and his contemporaries that freedom from imprisonment without just cause became accepted in the English-speaking world as a basic tenet of the faith.

Coke actually gave the doctrine its historical and legal credentials. The Parliament of 1628 met in the midst of a quarrel with Charles I. The King had been frustrated in an attempt to wring tax monies from his reluctant subjects. He had imprisoned five knights for refusal to make voluntary "contributions." Parliament made their cause its own. As a precondition to granting a requested levy it exacted from Charles a statute against imprisonment without cause. This majestic advance in the law was in large part Coke's doing.

The stroke, though, was only a climax to his career at the bar. Coke was nearing 80 at the time; and the grand old man of law in England. He had behind him a stint as Elizabeth's chief prosecutor and had brought Lord Essex to heel for an abortive rebellion. He had also prosecuted — effectively but unscrupulously—both Raleigh and the Guy Fawkes plotters for treason. To this he had added a term served under James I as Lord Chief Justice, marked by a bitter quarrel over the jurisdictional ambitions of the ecclesiastical courts. And finally he had written his monumental *Reports* and *Institutes of the Laws of England*.

These last were the first modern English legal texts. Indeed, during Coke's half century of active work we see English law come of age, passing beyond a medieval concern with musty land tenures and rights. Coke, for instance, was the first to announce that acts of Parliament were subject to review under the Common Law. The ruling came in an obscure case and was little debated in his time. But several centuries later it found its way into our own doctrine of judicial review. Again, by the 16th Century the Common Law had lost much of its ancient energy and was in some disrepute. Coke defended it jealously from the overreachings of the equity and church courts, and insisted that it, and not the King, measured the rights and liabilities of his subjects. In short, both King and Parliament were under the Common Law of the land.

Coke did not bring these various legal doctrines to maturity single-handed. But his name was used for centuries after to conjure up the authority of the principles he had set down. He lived and wrote and practiced in a time when much of what had before been medieval myth became resolved, under his hand, into living, modern law which could see service in support of democratic and revolutionary principles on both sides of the Atlantic.

Catherine Drinker Bowen brings these lessons home. With the perspectives gained from her earlier biographies of Holmes and John Adams, she highlights the events and developments which make Coke such an appealing figure for our time and tradition.

Words from a Ruined Fortress

by William Jay Smith

FOR a ten-year period following the publication of his *Selected Poems* in 1944, Robert Penn Warren turned his attention exclusively to the writing of fiction and narrative verse. The present volume, containing poems written in the years 1954 to 1956, after the publication of *Brother to Dragons*, marks his return to lyric poetry. For those who have felt that much of Mr. Warren's finest work lies in this area, its appearance is an event of importance.

Promises, Poems 1954-1956, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House; $3).

The book is divided into two sections: "To a Little Girl, One Year Old, in a Ruined Fortress" and "Promises," dedicated respectively to his infant daughter and son. Most of the material in both sections derives from thoughts occasioned by the contemplation of his children on a craggy bit of the Italian Mediterranean coast:

> To a place of ruined stone we
> brought you, and sea-reaches.
> *Rocca*: fortress, hawk-heel, lion-
> paw, clamped on a hill.

There are glimpses of the local scene, the sirocco, an old woman slaughtering an octopus, a mad young aristocrat on the beach; records of moonlight walks; nostalgic pieces concerning memories of the poet's own childhood in Kentucky.

There are also surrealist ballads with objects and scraps flung up by the subconscious (*And Don't Forget Your Corset Cover, Either*); and, above all, lullabies:

> Under the star and beech-shade
> braiding,
> Past the willows dim solicitudes,
> Past hush of oak-dark and stone's
> star-glinted upbraiding,
> Water moves, in a motion like sleep,
> Along the dark edge of the woods.
> So, son, now sleep.

Mr. Warren is throughout much more personal and Romantic than he has been at any previous time; and the performance, though it has moments of inten-

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sity, is, on the whole, decidedly disappointing.

The failure of *Promises* is a failure of language: the poetry is there, but the poet somehow gets in the way. After the freedom of prose and narrative verse, Warren has felt, on returning to the lyric, the necessity of going to the other extreme and of writing in a taut and pinched style. Some of Mr. Warren's early poems revealed the influence of Hardy and the Metaphysical poets; but he worked his way through them and managed to write poems distinctly his own. A loose and almost casual line enabled him in works like "Original Sin: a Short Story" and "Pursuit" to write of guilt and deep psychological disturbances in a startling manner. Horror in such poems was suggested and hinted at, whereas in *Promises* the horror is stated: the nightmare is "spread out on stone"; and the reader is made uneasy, but is left unmoved.

There has been in Mr. Warren's work a gradual coarsening of language; in these new poems every rift is filled not with ore but with a tarlike guttural mass, while *s*'s, over the general expanse, are scattered like cyanide pellets. Earlier he could adopt an easy and winning colloquial tone; here when he uses regional language he seems to be speaking with a certain amount of grit between his teeth. It is basic that lyric poetry should be heard, and even the modern ear accustomed to a steady diet of dissonance will be offended by much that is set down in these stanzas. With the coarsening of sensibility. The title of the opening section reflects a sentimentality which lies close to the tense surface of the poems: a girl one year old is, of necessity, little, and the adjective "little" adds nothing but a disturbing note of coyness. The title of the book itself is unpromising. One need only compare Mr. Warren's "Mexico is a Foreign Country: Five Studies in Naturalism" with the poems in this book dealing with the Italian scene to note that the poet's eye and ear have played him false. Even in treating regional material as he does in some of the best poems in *Promises*, the poet uses theatrical effects which sputter out before they get under way:

> They weren't so bright, or clean,
> or clever,
> And their noses were sometimes
> imperfectly blown,
> But they always got to school
> the weather whatever,
> With old lard pail full of fried
> pie, smoked ham, and corn
> pone.

When all the members of the Gillum family with their "imperfectly blown" noses get the ice pick, one is neither horrified nor distressed.

It may be that I have missed something; but it seems to me that Robert Penn Warren, with the unassimilated influence of Hopkins which is so apparent in this book, is reverting to a stiffness characteristic of his least successful work. Certainly the stuff of poetry is here, the mystery, horror, and guilt which he has so keenly explored elsewhere; but as one who has always had the greatest confidence in his gifts, I think he can, and will, again write lyric poetry with more assurance and mastery than are evidenced in these pages.

The Siege of Monte Cassino

by John Terraine

"It is pointless to consider any battle critically without relating it to the precise circumstances and conditions prevailing at the time and place," says Mr. Majdalany. Most people remember Cassino because of the destruction by Allied bombing of the famous Benedictine Abbey, founded by St. Benedict himself in 529 A.D. and one of the cradles of Western civilization. Controversy about this act will not be ended by Mr. Majdalany's book, but his "conditions prevailing" test does throw light on it.

The Battle of Cassino, by Fred Majdalany (Houghton Mifflin; $7).

His first contribution is his distinction between "occupation" and "observation." The Germans needed only one trained observer in the Abbey or its environs to enjoy its fullest usefulness. "A modern campaign" Majdalany remarks "is largely a progress from one desirable line of observation to another." His second contribution lies in his stress on the psychological effect of the massive, fortress-like Abbey on the minds of troops and commanders who sensed that every move they made was watched by its invisible eyes. Decisions in war are reached more by psychological impressions than by facts. At Cassino the two coincided. The Abbey *did* give the Germans perfect observation; its very existence *did* oppress and daunt the spirits of the Allies. These are Majdalany's reasons, compelling "at the time and place," for what many people continue to regard as senseless vandalism. The book clarifies distinctly the successive operations between January and June, 1944. Within the overall frame of the "portrait of a battle" there are many useful smaller portraits of men and formations. Among them are excellent thumb-nail sketches of Eisenhower, Mark Clark, Truscott and Alexander, and a good analysis of the New Zealand Division and its famous commander, General Freyberg. One gains an intimate picture of the fighting from the viewpoint of the troops and local commanders, as well as of the higher strategists and politicians. The relationship between Washington's disinterest and Churchill's insistence, and the misfortunes of, say, the American 36th Division on the Rapido, or the duress of Anzio, comes out well, and with an objective calm that is rare in any British writer on the Mediterranean war. "Washington," says Majdalany, "was a long way from Cassino. The American divisions who fought so well in Italy could justifiably have felt that they were . . . America's forgotten army."

Time and again the comparison between Cassino and that equally drawn-out struggle of 1917, The Third Battle of Ypres, crops up. It is an interesting one. At the end of three weeks fighting in January and February 1944, the Anglo-American Fifth Army was fought out. It had sustained 11,000 casualties. In the first three days of the Third Battle of Ypres in 1917, the British Fifth Army lost almost three times as many casualties—31,000—with less to show for them, and went on fighting for another month. To such an extent had war become mechanical.

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Captives Within Themselves

by Webster Schott

EVAN CONNELL has written several good short stories, and I think there is reason to believe he is going to write some much better ones. He respects the English language and finds beauty in it. He knows how to make plots and what service to expect of them. He is committed to the idea that the business of the short story is to define human character.

All of which, of course, is not enough. An army of second-rate short-story writers from Somerset Maugham to Budd Schulberg could lay claim to such qualifications. No, the writer who tries to create art with the story must have something more. He must take a position: He must feel deeply (passionately, I suspect) about why the human beings he is telling us about operate as they do. It's not a matter of striking a pose or rising to a moral. It is a matter of finding motivation that prevails, getting at a piece of truth.

This is what makes Connell's short stories worth considering seriously. His people are captives within themselves. They are isolated—so isolated that one wonders whether Mr. Connell wouldn't like to make this isolation one of those "eternal verities" or whatever they are that William Faulkner insists on throwing at us. For when Mr. Connell's characters reach out from their isolation to make contact with the world or its inhabitants, they are either rebuffed, entangled in the debris of other lives, turned further inward or simply destroyed.

The Anatomy Lesson and Other Stories, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Viking; $3.50).

In "Arcturus," Connell's best story, the condition of isolation controls all of the action, even the behavior of children. Here the pitiful failure of the dying wife and mother to communicate with her husband, children, and former lover breaks an artificial dinner party into fragments of despair. All the husband wants is to feed on his own loneliness

> . . . to be left alone that he may regain some measure of his inner strength. Even one hour, uninterrupted, might be enough . . . His thoughts turn upon Goethe, from whom he is remotely descended, and he visualizes that man interminably searching himself for power while playing to his sycophants a stiff-legged excellence.

One could go on to examine how this idea of spiritual isolation shapes Mr. Connell's stories of an empty yellow raft at sea, ignorance and theology in Kansas, a neurotic's reminiscences of bohemian pleasures, the sterility of Mission Hills aristocracy in Kansas City. It is everywhere, including those stories in which Mr. Connell surrenders to the bizarre and startling. And in these stories, you can see what happens when an author who does view behavior consistently by the same light is trapped, consciously or otherwise, by characters chosen to represent the view. We want a writer's individual insight into the forces bearing on personality. But it must be found within characters who have substance and individuality of their own.

I suppose the writer who considers the little tragedies of loneliness to be a prevalent condition of our situation and who never finds more to say is headed for an unhappy fate as an artist. Although many have made good livings by repeating much less than this.

But Mr. Connell seems too dedicated to art to become his own victim. He has been writing practically full-time for eight years, has produced only eleven stories (most of them for *The Paris Review* and *Tomorrow*) and has experimented with the short story so continuously that he still has no consistent style. One thing more, the range of his stories, moving from upper-class to lower-class society, from East to West and settling several times on gritty Kansas, suggests a writer who is not comfortable in one place or one state of mind.

Mr. Connell is interested in the Midwest obviously because he was born and reared there. But apparently (since his later work is located elsewhere) he has decided there is nothing unique about Kansas except its plains. The South may have a particular culture upon which fiction can grow. Kansas only has dust, the sort of dust people everywhere are made of.

Notes on Contributors

JAMES T. FARRELL is, of course, a distinguished American novelist. WILLIAM D. ROGERS is a young Washington lawyer. WILLIAM JAY SMITH has just published his *Poems 1947-1957*, many of which first appeared in this journal. JOHN TERRAINE is a British political commentator. WEBSTER SCHOTT is a free-lance writer. PHILIP ROTH is on the English faculty of the University of Chicago. JANET WINN is a frequent contributor to *NR*.

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MOVIES

Nymphs and Satyrs

UNTIL midway through *Love in the Afternoon,* I found it to be a pretty funny picture. Even Gary Cooper, as Frank Flanigan, the wealthy American rake whose autumnal passions drive him around the globe in search of flesh, had his engaging moments. Somewhere around the middle of the thing, however, when the wit and farce ended and the *shmaltz* moved in, Mr. Cooper began to stiffen and stumble until finally I hoped that the background song, "Fascination," would resolve into "High Noon" so that some kindly prop man could slip a saddle beneath Cooper's bottom and send him off into a blazing sunset. Miss Audrey Hepburn plays opposite Cooper in the role of an innocent French girl whose father, a private detective (Maurice Chevalier), is investigating Flanigan's bedroom escapades for a client. Miss Hepburn brings to the role her usual elfishness; she is certainly a handsome young woman, but there continues to be something a bit wearing about an elf that knows it's an elf.

Love in the Afternoon (Allied Artists). *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter* (20th Century-Fox).

I was shaken to find that despite Miss Hepburn's elfishness some friends with whom I had seen the movie had interpreted the actions of Mlle. Chavasse (Miss Hepburn) quite differently than I. They held that the film was quite clear in indicating that Mlle. Chavasse had really slept with Flanigan, the American rake. I maintained she had not. Well then, I was asked, how was one to explain the scene in Flanigan's Paris hotel room which ended with Mlle. Chavasse taking off her gloves? ("When Audrey Hepburn takes off her gloves," a friend's wife informed me, "she's decided to go all the way.") And what of the scene which began with Mlle. Chavasse emerging from Flanigan's bedroom, fully clothed, but searching for her left shoe (which turns up in Flanigan's dressing gown)? And how about when she is shown combing *her* hair in front of *his* bathroom mirror?

In the face of all this I could only say, "Audrey Hepburn just doesn't do that . . . " whereupon I was promptly put down as a mystic. Later, an anthropologist in the crowd suggested that the picture was deliberately ambiguous, allowing the audience to entertain which ever particular fantasy most suited its psychic needs. I couldn't swallow this; as far as I can see, when Audrey Hepburn takes off her gloves that indicates one thing and one thing only—her hands are perspiring.

All this carping, needless to say, continues to leave unanswered the larger issue raised by Miss Hepburn's performance in *Sabrina, War and Peace, Funny Face,* and now, *Love in the Afternoon*: "Can a girl of 24 find happiness with a man *under* 50?"

THE QUESTION posed by *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* is "Can a man find happiness with a girl under 40-18-35?" While the answer at the end of the picture is "Yes!", during the picture it seems to be "Are you kidding?" Both answers, however, are unreliable, for actually *Rock Hunter* spends a good deal of time making fun of both the bosoms-for-their-own-sake American male and the I-must-increase-my-bust-American female.

Though some of the plot has to do with the efforts of ad man Rock Hunter (Tony Randall) to have the American love goddess, Rita Marlowe (Jayne Mansfield), endorse Stay Put lipstick, most of what really counts revolves around Miss Mansfield's body. Rita Marlowe, I take it, is intended to be a caricature (if that is the right word) of Marilyn Monroe; as it turns out, Miss Mansfield's satire is a satire of Miss Mansfield: she quivers her hips, her breasts, her lips, and on and off produces an aria of screeches and whinnies that reminded me of scary moments in the old Sabu movies. In all she was very funny. Even funnier was Mr. Randall, who plays with considerable comic talent a man suddenly obliged to realize a sexual fantasy worthy of the editors of *Playboy* magazine: when he approaches Miss Marlowe for the lipstick endorsement she approaches him with the old 40-18-35. Unused to abundance (he is engaged to frail Betsy Drake) Hunter is confused, enticed, mystified, and finally, on-the-run.

The whole thing is not very serious, and in its wackiest moments—between dirty jokes, and double-entendres borrowed from Minsky's burlesque—manages to spoof Madison Avenue, the mass media, and Marilyn Monroe, Mamie Van Doren, Diana Dors, Jayne Mansfield *et al*; and—what has not happened since *Beat the Devil*—it manages at times to spoof itself. There are, of course, many scenes when one is better off staring into an empty popcorn box, but on the whole the film is a good one to see as an antidote to *Love in the Afternoon*; it brings the blood back.

Actually one might even see in *Rock Hunter* the theme of *Love in the Afternoon* reversed, for here it is the female who is the assaulter and the male the assaulted. There is apparently no golden mean. As the anthropologist says, you pays your money and you indulges your fantasies.

PHILIP ROTH

on guard

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THEATRE

Witch-Hunting with a Real Witch

The Egghead is an interesting, if not radical, departure from the witch-hunt story as we have come to know it, with its misguided investigators, innocent victim, and courageous liberal. The play is replete with these familiar figures, only here the investigators are no one's fool, the victim of the smear is far from innocent, and the liberal gets to feeling rather silly when the witch turns out to be a real one. The author's sympathies are, of course, with him: she has put her liberal into an impossible position, only so that she may take him out of it—bloody, bowed, but a much, much better liberal. The liberals who go to see the drama are also, I take it, expected to emerge from the experience with their liberalism vastly improved; perhaps some of them did.

The Egghead, by Molly Kazan (Barrymore).

For loquacity, Mrs. Kazan's characters could hardly be improved on. For three acts they wander in and out of a book-lined parlor talking like books and making it increasingly hard to believe that they really exist. The living room is in the home of the misguided liberal, Hank Pearson (Karl Malden), who is a middle-aged college professor and whose character, if I'm not mistaken, is supposed to resemble that of the original egghead, Adlai Stevenson. He is admirable in every way. His wife, Sally (Phyllis Love), is not so determinedly intelligent; she is a young girl, a former student of her husband's, and for a while she seems content to be simple and ingenuous. ("Hank does the thinking, and I do the social things.") But soon she too is making speeches. The politically irresponsible teen-age son, by the professor's first wife, also turns out to be a good egghead.

It all starts with the entrance, in Act One, of the investigators, two FBI men who have come to get information from the professor about a former student, Perry Hall (Lloyd Richards) a young Negro suspected of being a dangerous Communist. The professor is furious, and gives the FBI what for in no uncertain terms. He decides, then and there, "to fight this thing." At dinner that evening, he announces to his guests his decision to invite Perry Hall to speak at the college, but except for a lady who has a crush on him, the company is singularly unimpressed, consisting as it does of the president of the college, his wife, and a fellow professor at the college, who came recently from Europe and who used to be a Communist. The latter has many interesting things to say later on, in the vein of "Oh you Americans. You are so innocent." To which, of course, no one has a retort, since Mrs. Kazan provides no one with any.

The professor proceeds to carry through his plan, presumably gets the whole campus up in arms, and his wife quite worried. Her "woman's instinct," together with some "reading" she has been doing at the library, have brought her to believe that Perry Hall is just what we, by now, have decided he must be: a Communist. Her husband persists in his blindness. At this point Hall himself appears, and clinches the case. Villany is implicit in all that he does; everything he says sounds like a lie. One wonders whether Mrs. Kazan meant him to be quite so much the stage villain. It is certainly a novelty to see a Negro on the stage who is neither the maid nor a "problem," and certainly Mrs. Kazan's point, to the effect that to be a Negro isn't automatically to be endowed with every virtue, is beyond dispute. But by endowing Hall with every vice (he is not only a Communist, he lies, schemes, betrays friends—he even writes bad poetry) she is in fact defeating herself at her own game. The reversal of a formula leaves one still, after all, with a formula.

A more serious defect in the play is its inability to state just what issue is at stake. Issues are constantly being talked about, but they don't seem to be relevant to the action. Is it possible that Mrs. Kazan after being struck with her happy turnabout idea, never bothered to figure out where it might lead her or, for that matter, whether it actually *was* such a happy one? That the egghead has got to be more hardboiled (pun not mine), more "with the times," and less complacent, is practically all that she is able to say about him. This is not exactly new. Perhaps if she had found a more timely and more pertinent challenge to liberalism than the investigation of Communism, then more might have come of it. It is also possible that the whole subject is unsuited to the theatre.

Karl Malden, playing the professor, helped matters a great deal as, in varying degrees, did the rest of the cast. The laughter that there was, at the performance I attended in Washington, was forced, but that there was any at all is chiefly to the actor's and director Hume Cronyn's credit.

JANET WINN

Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

Moreover, faith has been killed and hope of a better society is in eclipse. Of course, there is ferment. I noted it. In time it will tell. Today, especially, in view of Khrushchev's latest speech on the arts, the Kremlin is insisting on grey uniformity—more of the same. More to bore. The outside observer may find boredom an interesting social phenomenon. To the bored it is boring.

LOUIS FISCHER

New York City

► *Gradesmanship*

A RECENT *New Republic* article (August 12) dealt with "What Johnny Don't Know." In these days of positive thinking it is surprising to meet an approach so negative in manner. Obviously we should concern ourselves with "What Johnny Do Know." Continuous exposure to life-adjustment geared classes has equipped Johnny to not only work *with* people but to work *people*. Johnny no longer studies subject material since the study of professors proves much more profitable. In short, Johnny has become an expert in gradesmanship.

Gradesmanship is a flexible tool adaptable to the abilities and proclivities of both the user and the subject. Over-publicized and not in too common currency today is the shapely co-ed

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blithely seated in the first row with knees strategically crossed.

The reaction of a colleague exposed to this type of gradesmanship clearly shows the rarity with which it is employed. According to the report I heard (in the wash room at the faculty club) at close of class, a heavily-scented, too tightly sweatered co-ed hip-waggled (like Marilyn Monroe) up to the professor's desk and batting eyelashes (like Marilyn Monroe), asked in a faltering husky voice (like Marilyn Monroe), "What must I do to get an A?"

The professor just stood there, jaw dropped, mouth opened wide (like Marilyn Monroe).

True gradesmanship is more subtle. A most effective ploy is the shifting of mark responsibility to the professor. The usual approach (two days before the end of the term) finds the student needing a mark one letter higher lest:

1. He be flunked out of school; or
2. He needs .0006 of a grade point to make his house grades; or
3. He will be forced to give up his post as third assistant manager of the rally squad.

This approach places complete responsibility on the professor since his mark will lower the sword. One student heading for expulsion used the system so well on each of his profs that he ended the term with honors. The extreme use of the transfer of responsibility ploy was by a young man who told me his father had suffered a heart attack. Fearing the effect of a second shock, the boy was trying to raise his marks so he might not be sent home. Hard-heartedly I gave him the D he barely deserved, started a flower fund and assiduously read the obituaries. My flower fund has now risen to $8.17 and I see by the sports pages that the father just won the state tennis championship.

Gradesmanship follows many other patterns ranging from the test file which enables the student to complete his test before arriving at the testing room to the prolific note-taker; from the good laugher (profs will tell jokes) to the pupil who solemnly shakes his head in perpetual agreement with the word from the podium. Frankly, though, in these days of rising prices and static salaries it is surprising that more of the students do not realize how many of us may be open to bribery.

MORTIMER H. MORRIS
Oregon State College
Corvallis, Oregon

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *Federal Art Support*

SIRS:

T. R.B.'s conclusion, after studying the new Canada Arts Council (*NR*, September 9), that "Every other big nation in the world (save ours) feels a direct financial responsibility to foster and preserve artistic and cultural values . . ." is somewhat startling.

Federal encouragement and support of the arts is, in fact, part of the mainstream of the American tradition as is shown by the fact that the Constitution of the United States (Article I, Section 8) provides that Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries. The copyright laws are based on this.

In his First Annual Address to Congress on January 8, 1790, President Washington said: " . . . you will agree . . . that there is nothing which can better deserve our patronage than the promotion of Science and Literature."

Jefferson considered the arts as important as the other disciplines and he developed legislation for a system of public education which included a public art gallery and a Department of Fine Arts. He argued that "in a country which has no aristocracy of taste houses, grounds and towns must be surrounded by a maximum of beauty."

The 1953 Report on Art and Government by the Commission of Fine Arts (established in 1910) takes 141 pages just to briefly list some of the present art activities of the Federal Government.

The 84th Congress enacted into law six important cultural bills, four of which I initiated. These measures established a permanent program of cultural exchange with other countries (the Humphrey-Thompson Act); granted a Congressional charter to music (the Thompson-Lehman Act); tripled the budget of the Commission of Fine Arts (the Thompson-Green Act); created a Federal agency to plan a National Cultural Center (the Thompson-Morrison Act); removed the Federal admissions tax on movie tickets costing less than 90 cents (the King Act); and created an important rural library program, the latter measure sponsored by a number of members of both the House and the Senate including myself. There are a large number of art bills in the 85th Congress.

FRANK THOMPSON, JR., M. C
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

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